To my dearest Neil.

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/74588576.

Rating:
Mature

Archive Warning:
Major Character Death

Category:
M/M

Fandom:
Dead Poets Society (1989)

Relationships:
Todd Anderson/Neil Perry, Todd Anderson & Neil Perry

Characters:
Todd Anderson, Neil Perry (Dead Poets Society)

Additional Tags:
Angst, I'm Sorry, Heavy Angst, Suicide, Suicide Attempt, Suicide Notes, POV Todd Anderson, Sad Todd Anderson, Todd Anderson-centric, Dead Neil Perry (Dead Poets Society), Gay Todd Anderson, Gay Neil Perry (Dead Poets Society), anderperry, Todd commits suicide, Todd Anderson Needs A Hug, Todd Anderson can't live without Neil, LITERALLY, I'm so sorry everyone

Language:
English

Stats:
Published: 2025-11-22 Words: 477 Chapters: 1/1

To my dearest Neil.

by Jupiterzstar

Summary

"To my dearest Neil.
Today I saw a brown bird humming in a tree. It made me think of you."
or
Todd Anderson would rather die than live without Neil Perry.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

To my dearest Neil.

Today I saw a brown bird humming in a tree. It made me think of you. Every day I miss you more and more. Your brown, soulful eyes that match your soft hair perfectly. I wish I could run my hands through it once more. I miss laughing with you about absolutely nothing. I miss catching you going through my journal to read some of my poetry, and me pretending to be upset about it. I always loved it, you know I did.

I miss arguing with you. You, mad because I can't speak up for myself. Me, distraught because I'm trying to please you. I miss making up afterwards with kisses and touches everywhere. I always knew our arguments wouldn't last more than a few hours. We worked so perfectly, just you and me.

I miss you in our group. You were the heart, the glue, the start, of the dead poets. Nobody is the same now. I don't suppose anything will ever be the same again. I've tried talking to them, but they walk away. I remind them of you. I remind myself that they're trying to heal. They tell me I should do the same, but I don't want to. I never want to lose the piece I have of you in my soul. If healing means moving on, then I'll stay wounded forever until I bleed out the same way you did in your fathers office.

I'm angry. Angry because you left me alone. You left me alone in this stupid school, our dorm feels empty now. I sleep in your bed every night and pretend you're the one curled up with me instead of my blankets. The sheets no longer have your scent, but I pretend nonetheless. My anger is mainly to myself. I could never truly be mad at you, my dear. You could've spit in my face, kicked me to the ground, and I'd have taken it with pleasure.

I wish you'd taken me with you. If I had known what you were going to do, I'd have tried talking you out of it. I'd have run away with you. I'd leave my life behind, all for you. It would all be worth it. And if you were adamant enough, I'd have taken my life together with you. I wish I had that night, with you by my side, but this night shall suffice as well.

Two empty bottles stand on my desk; a bottle of vodka, and a bottle of

pills. I shall go to sleep, and greet you when I wake up in death. I suppose this letter is my final one in the mortal realm, but I know for a fact that once I see you again, I'll write like I never have before. I'll see you soon, my love.

Yours forever, Todd.

End Notes

I'm so sorry for this everyone :c
hope you enjoyed reading though heheh

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!